RYKNOLL THE FIELD AFAR

March 🛞 1945



Left to right: Fathers Hughes, Witte, Allié, Homrocky, McClear, Sommer

Revolution in Central America

IN CENTRAL AMERICA, where echoes of shot and shell penetrate from every corner of the globe, another kind of revolution is taking place. Quietly thousands of Padreless people shuffle into their mountain market towns, muffled in colorful *serapes*, and are startled to see and hear a priest for the first time in years. Father Clarence Witte, of Richmond, Indiana, who formerly labored in Japan and could number his converts on the fingers of one hand, must have made some kind of record last year when over four thousand of his Indians received Baptism.

The small group of Padres above is headed by Father Arthur F. Allié of Two Rivers, Wisconsin, whose mission post was in Korea until the war. The group has in its care a territory with 172,000 souls. "The authorities," writes Father Allié, "are anxious to give us an additional district of 200,000 souls served at present by only one aged and sick priest! So this is another gentle hint to send us more Maryknollers!"

MARYKNOLL



The Maryknall Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul

THIS MONTH, as Maryknoll's thirty-fourth spring brightens our hilltop, the China missioners pool their cumulative knowledge of the Orient and make a sound suggestion in **When China Starts to Rebuild** by Father Russell Sprinkle—Page 2.



Father Sprinkle

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al k (A South American tribe of Indians in Chile hold to the proud boast that they have never been defeated in battle. The Unconquerables by Robert Ewing — Page 6 — gives a few sidelights on their now-peaceful daily life. (Fourteenth Sends a Bomber — Page 12 — by Father Tennien, is an unusual account of wartime banking methods. (Lao Wong and the Red Beards — Page 20 — is a sketch by Father Thomas Quirk, of one of his Man-

churian parishioners who made a side line of gambling. (Father Gardner went visit-

ing again, this time to see the parents of Father Francis Garvey, a Maryknoller in Peru. In **The 'Foxy''Garveys**— Page 26—he tells of what he saw on their Wisconsin fox farm. **(Mei Tu**—Page 30—is a story, delightfully told, about a little Chinese girl. **((Stepping Ahead of the Invasion**—Page 36—by Sister Mary Christella, is a humorous yet realistic recounting of the Sisters' thirty-day trek from Kweilin to Kweiyang, as they tried to keep a jump ahead of the enemy. **((The April and May FIND AR**



Father Quirk

jump ahead of the enemy. (The April and May FIELD AFAR, we regret to announce, will be combined in one issue. It is because of the nation's wartime paper shortage.

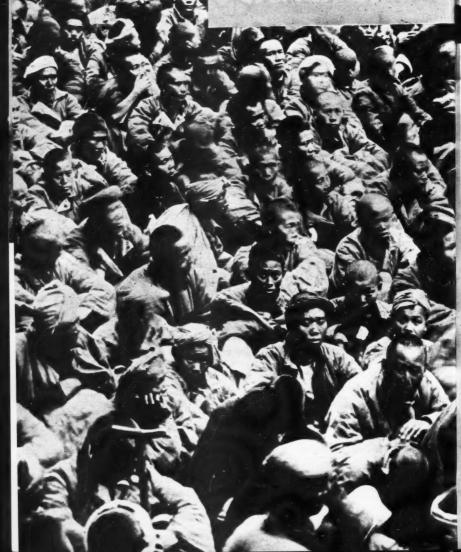
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WHEN CHINA

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STARTS TO REBUILD

by RUSSELL SPRINKLE

N OLD Chinese proverb reads: "When A a person is in distress, near-by neighbors can be of more help than far-off relatives." The missioner in China is in the position of a near-by neighbor, but he finds the problem too vast for the present small group of workers.

It is with great satisfaction, therefore, that the missioner reads of the broad plans of UNRRA for the relief and rehabilitation of China, Dr. Tingfu F. Tsiang, China's able delegate to the UNRRA Conference and chairman of the Committee of the Council for the Far East. estimates that 84,000,000 of his countrymen will have to be helped to help themselves.

Relief Figures Are Staggering

DR. TSIANG arrives at his figures as follows: "Of the total estimated population of China, 200,000,000 live under Japanese occupation; 220,000,000 live in free China; and 40,000,000 may be called displaced persons. . . . Of the population living in occupied China, it is estimated that 30 per cent will need relief - or 60,000,000. Of the displaced persons, 60 per cent will need relief - or 24,000,000. The total needing relief will be 84,000,000."

Some conception of what will be needed to supply the bare necessities of this vast number can be gained from the following table, published by the Chinese News Service:

	Total	UNRRA Supply	
Item	Requirement		
FOOD	8,700,000 tons	3,200,000 tons	
CLOTHING.	840,000 tons	840,000 tons	
SHELTER	44,887,000 tons	180,000 tons	

China, devastated by years of war, will need an abundance of help and guidance to get it back on its feet. Father Sprinkle, veteran China missioner, offers a workable suggestion

FOOD. The average Chinese needs 37.4 pounds of rice or 20 pounds of wheat flour a month, in addition to some amount of protective food — a total of 8,700,000 tons. The Chinese Government will undertake to procure 5,500,000 tons of cereals. It is hoped that UNRRA will supply 1.500,000 tons of brown rice: 1.200,000 tons of whole wheat flour; and 500,000 tons of protective food - a total of 3.200.000 tons.

CLOTHING. China is particularly short of cotton and cotton cloth. For each war victim one suit of underwear, one suit of cotton-stuffed clothes, one blanket, and one mattress, will require 840,000 tons of cotton.

SHELTER. In war areas, most houses are demolished. It is necessary to build temporary shelters for war refugees. The total number of shelters to be built is estimated at 12,000,000.

This is the over-all picture, and it includes only the bare essentials. A missioner naturally focuses his view on his own district and sees the needs in greater detail, Speaking for the Southeast Kwangsi area, which was recently overrun by the Japanese, I should say that the postwar missioner will be faced with something like the following problem:

Our population is made up of two groups



and amounts to several millions. There are included: first, the local people, who are farmers and small shopkeepers; secondly, the refugees, who are city people from Hong Kong and Canton and farmers driven out of Kwangtung by the invaders. The first and most pressing need will be to feed this population, until the refugees can be transported back to their homes and until the local farmers can harvest their first crop.

A Practical Solution

THE food problem can be met in the following manner:

 Open soup kitchens. This is not the best kind of relief, but necessary at first.
 For proper control, rice cards should be issued.

(2) As soon as possible, call in the ricesoup cards and issue dry rice or cracked wheat and a little salt and ginger to prevent beriberi. Each family will cook their own rice, thus saving on fuel.

(3) Gradually send the refugees back to Hong Kong and Canton on the boats which will bring the food supplies up the West River.

(4) As people begin to find work, food should be sold at nominal prices in order to get away from the dole.

(5) It is important that relief machinery be set up in Hong Kong and Canton. Plenty of grain should be given away in these great cities, in order to break the powerful black market. The big industries

Top: Farmers will want to modernize their homemade treadmill irrigators

Center: These blind Yeungkong grannies were expert at making fishing nets

Bottom: "One word is worth a thousand gold," says an old Chinese proverb

should be started up again: ship building, sugar refining, garment making, knitting, dairy products, and so forth.

(6) Most important for quick relief in these two cities is the revival of the fishing industry. Boats and nets will have to be supplied. Fish will reduce the need for food relief and will create work of a permanent nature.

In the small country towns people must be set up in business again. For this, many materials will be needed, some of which can be produced locally. Most of these items, however, must be supplied from abroad.

The farmer in occupied territory will need tools, seeds and livestock. Irrigation systems will have to be restored. Dike repair is imperative, for without it floods will occur, and then the relief problem will start all over again.

A need that must not be overlooked is

fuel. Most Chinese burn wood chopped up in small pieces. This will have to be supplied for the large cities.

The Missioners' Opportunity

Finally, the missioner must concern himself with the rehabilitation of the Chinese soldiers. Government agencies will do what they can, but they have not the resources of the American Government. Many of the soldiers, weakened, diseased and maimed, will come back to ruined homes and scattered families. If help isn't provided for these men there may be an era of banditry as bad as, if not worse than, the war:

' The postwar missioner has great problems to face.

His talents and resourcefulness will be taxed, but he will experience the satisfaction of helping his afflicted people to get back on their feet.

"IN MY MEMORY FOREVER"

FATHER LLOYD GLASS of Cresco, Iowa, who has been host to numbers of refugees in his South China mission, sent us this letter written by one of his appreciative guests.

DEAR FATHER GLASS,

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I am directed by Miss Wong Sin Ying, my cousin, to write to you to thank you for your hospitality during her stay in the Catholic Mission the 8th inst. It is her earnest desire to write you personally, but she regrets very much that she can't express herself properly in good English, so she wrote to me and asked me to translate the following passage and send to you direct.

"I have never met anybody, foreigner or fellow countryman, who treated me so kindly as you did during my stay in Patpo. Believe me, dear Father, I really can't express my gratefulness in words. I have never before accepted any people's money as donations for charity purposes. Partly out of curiosity for the behaviour of you foreigners, and partly due to the anxiety for your letters of introduction, I summoned my courage to pocket it. After I reach Kweiyang, I will do my best to remit it back to you. I thank you once again.

"It is you Christians, especially you Catholic Fathers, who truly realize the hardships of passers-by and travelers. This is the first time I travel alone on a long journey during these critical times of the war. Your treat to me in Patpo, I'll keep in my memory forever as a treasure."

Before I conclude, may I thank you as well.

Yours faithfully,

ABRAHAM LAM SIN KWAN

The Unconquerables

by ROBERT EWING

Eight Maryknollers, headed by Father Thomas S. Walsh, are preaching Christ to historic Indians of Southern Chile. The mission headquarters are in Temuco



Father T. S. Walsh, of Kokomo, Ind.

IF THE modest group of Maryknollers who landed in Temuco, Chile, early in 1943, had asked for the most significant assignment in all South America, they could not have been better served.

For Temuco is the heart of the Araucanian empire, and Rome has asked Maryknoll to help evangelize the Araucanian Indians.

To a North American, this means little.

But to a South American or Chilean, it revives historic traditions of more than four hundred years of war with the fiercest, most formidable, and most freedomloving Indian tribe that ever trod the American (or any other) continent. As a fact, in all North and South America, there are only two Indian tribes that have never really been conquered: the Seminoles, of Southern Florida, and the Araucanians, of Southern Chile.

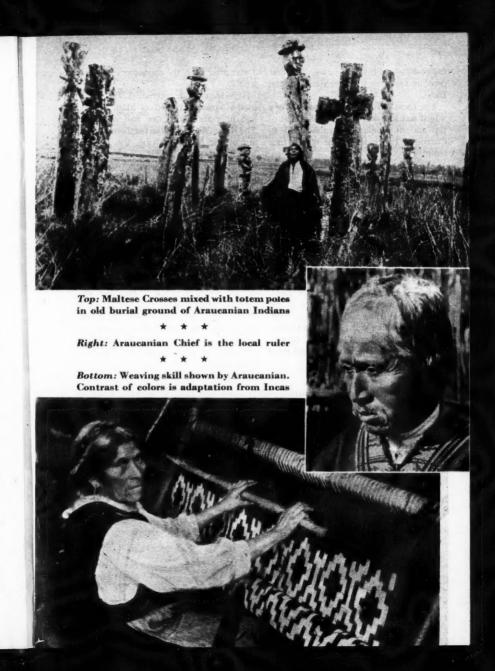
An Indomitable Race

THE STORY of the Seminoles is well known. Under the leadership of their brave and resourceful young chief, Oscola, they resisted all efforts of the Government to subdue them. After a war which lasted seven years and cost the United States ten million dollars, the majority of the tribe agreed to go to Oklahoma. But a belligerent minority defied the Government, retired to the Everglades of Florida, and have remained there until today.

But the Araucanian Indians of Southern Chile are another story.

For four hundred years, these indomitable people — who modestly and with a certain amount of humor have always called themselves the *Mapuche*, or "folk from the country" — successfully fought the Incas, the Spaniards, and their Chilean neighbors.

These modest Mapuches have proved themselves better natural fighters than any other native race in all history. The conquistadors, professional warriors that they were, called those Indians the gente



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indomable — an invincible race. The first proof is found in their resistance to the Incas.

The Incas were a military people. They waged war in a way that was like that of the ancient Romans. All roads led to Cuzco (in Peru), the Rome of the Inca realm.

Incas Are Stopped

THE Incas looked with eager eyes on Chile, with its 2,700 miles of coast on one side and the Andes on the other. Beginning slowly, the Incas built a military road through Southern Peru, over the wild Andes, and down into the Altacama Desert of Northern Chile.

In this barren, waterless region, they found peaceful Indian tribes living around the oases, raising crops in irrigated spots, or herding llamas on the slopes of the Andes. Those tribes had towns, too, judging from remains still to be found there, and they mined and smelted copper, silver, and gold. The Incas annexed these tribes and their possessions.

But after that, the conquerors ran into trouble.

The Incas had traveled 1,300 miles, to the banks of the River Maule. They had fully conquered one half of Chile. The River Maule was the northern boundary of the Mapuche tribe, the "people from the country."

When the Incas touched that territory, the Mapuches reacted like a nest of hornets. They were the owners, they said. They wanted none of the Incas or of their Empire.

The Incas attacked, but the reaction of the Mapuches was violent. They threw the invaders back across the River Maule, beating them decisively. So decisive, in fact, was the defeat that the Incas, forthwith and for all time, abandoned the further conquest of Chile. But they did give the Mapuches a name. In the Quechua tongue, they called them the aucca, or "rebels." And it is from this that the present name of the Mapuche Indians is derived: the Araucanians, or "The Unconquered."

Our neighbor, Bishop Beck, interviews Araucanian Indians seeking a school



It was a hundred years later, early in the sixteenth century, that, with fire and sword, hammer and plow, the conquistadors overran Mexico and Central and South America. They overwhelmed everything in their path. When they reached Peru, they conquered the Incas and then turned their legions southward to conquer Chile.

Conquistadors Are Outmatched

PEDRO DE VALDIVIA, the Spanish gallant who led the second conquest into Chile, came to stay. Bringing from Europe seeds and agricultural implements, his conquistadors were reinforced by a multitude of Indians and by streams of settlers from Spain as well as from Peru. The invaders passed through the desert and reached Chile's Central Valley without difficulty. On February 12, 1541, Valdivia founded the City of Santiago, the present capital.

Valdivia and his staff carried their banners far below the River Maule, where the Incas previously were stopped. They entered the territory of the Mapuches, established important outposts, and thought that all was secure. But in this they were seriously mistaken. Their success was ephemeral. The Araucanians gathered their forces and, led by two of their greatest chieftains, Caupelican and Lautare, fiercely attacked those outposts. So completely did they burn and sack that for three hundred years the outposts were little more than a memory.

One of the Spanish soldiers, the warriorpoet Alonso de Ercilla, wrote an epic
poem, "La Araucana." It is a day-by-day
account of the great battles between the
conquistadors and this native tribe. The
poet immortalizes those Indians of the
forest, particularly their heroic leaders
Caupelican and Lautare — the first of
whom was killed by the Spaniards, and

the second of whom caused the death of the Spanish leader, Pedro de Valdivia.

Ercilla describes the Araucanians as a race so proud that they never submitted to foreign domination. He thus pictures them as he found them, and as they continued to be for three hundred years.

Such was their valor and steadfastness that Valdivia himself wrote to Charles V:

"It is now thirty years that I serve Your Majesty. I have fought against many nations, but I have never witnessed such tenacity as these Indians in Chile exhibit against us... Each inch of territory I have conquered cost me a hundred drops of blood and two hundred drops of sweat."

Although never really beaten in clash of arms, the Araucanians signed a treaty with the Chilean colony, granting them undisputed possession of the territory south of the River Bio-Bio.

Unbeaten But Peaceful

THERE are, perhaps, fewer than one hundred thousand of the Araucanians now living peacefully on the lands they have always claimed as their own. Their homes are, for the most part, the primitive rucas, or the thatch-roofed houses, used by their ancestors. They are farmers, raising wheat, corn, potatoes, apples, and occasionally cattle and sheep. They are still the "people from the country." It is only rarely that a Mapuche shows a flash of the old fire that has kindled so many wars. But he clings to his tribal traditions.

The missioner needs great patience in helping to overcome the superstitions and prejudices engendered during four hundred years of conflict. But with the aid of charity, and the sweet reasonableness of Christ, who will measure the spiritual heights to which the indomitable Mapuches may yet attain?

Friends in the Service

PURTHER news of Fathers Frederick Dietz, Oberlin, Ohio, Procurator General, and William Collins, Dorchester, Massachusetts, is slowly trickling in. The two priests are in Rome, in charge of our combination Procure and House of Studies, which is now an N.C.C.S. Club for Allied chaplains. The most complete account of what those two Maryknollers are accomplishing was relayed to us by one of their guests, Chaplain R. V. Myrick, of Detroit, whose duties with the 51st Troop Carrier Wing take him occasionally to Rome. In a letter to Father Considine, Chaplain Myrick writes:

"In the course of my peregrinations, I not infrequently run across Father Dietz and Father Collins.... You will be pleased to know that they are both well and are kept pretty busy dispensing hospitality to

their many guests.

"Father Dietz thought you would like to know that your Maryknoll House over here had, up to November 1, provided lodging and board to some 170 different Catholic chaplains (not counting their chauffeurs and assistants!). Of the 170, about 100 came from thirty various dioceses of the United States. The others hailed from Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, South Africa; and New Zealand: Slightly more than half of these chaplains were diocesan clergy: the remainder were religious, and they represented at least twenty-one different orders and congregations. They have been loud in their praises of Maryknoll and have appreciated highly the facilities placed at their disposal by Maryknoll and the N.C.C.S.



Fr. William Collins and Sgt. Joseph Kiernan of U. S. Engineers, in Rome

"Some day, on my way back to Detroit, I hope to pay a visit to Maryknoll."

In Memoriam

We SHARE in the sorrow of Mr. and Mrs. John E. Meagher, of Middleton, Massachusetts, for the loss of their only son, Donald, a dear friend of Maryknoll, His interest in the missions was hidden but effectual. Each month he regularly sent an offering towards the support of a missioner. In his last moments, surely Our Lord eased his agony in return for all the good he did for souls. Mr. and Mrs. Meagher are continuing Donald's missionary work by keeping up his monthly support of a missioner. In his memory they have also given a Mass kit which will carry the sacrifice of the Mass into the rubber centrals of the Bolivian jungle.

Breakfast with an Archbishop

CORPORAL CHARLES AYS, of Brooklyn, writes to a friend at Maryknoll about an unusual experience in Trinidad:

"At Port-of-Spain we went to Mass at the Archbishop's chapel on the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes. After Mass we chatted with the Archbishop in the garden outside the chapel. 'My sons,' he said, 'you really must stay for breakfast.'

"Imagine having an Archbishop ask us to have breakfast with him! And what a breakfast! Just before we got up from the table, the Archbishop smiled at us and said: 'Well, my sons, this is indeed an honor for me this morning! It is the first time I ever had the pleasure of breakfasting with two American soldiers.'

"We had a good laugh, and Archbishop Finbar Ryan, O.P., M.A., L.L.D., D.D., who comes from County Cork, said, 'And would I be right in saying that this is the first time you two American soldiers had breakfast with an Archbishop?'"

Roommates

MAJOR E. J. BUTLER, of the Fourteenth Air Force, writes to us of his close contact with our Father Joseph Cosgrove, a missioner in South China, who is acting as a civilian contact chaplain. The major's letter follows:

"I read with interest, in THE FIELD AFAR, the remarks of Lieutenant Thomas F. Monoghan relative to Father Cosgrove.

"I believe I can go him one better. Recently we became roommates — but that is not all. Father Cosgrove's home and mine are only a short distance apart, in Newton, Massachusetts. We spend pleasant moments discussing the 'old home town.' I am happy to state also, that I have the privilege of serving Mass for Father Cosgrove frequently."



Donald Meagher - he gave his life







Fourteenth Sends a Bomber

by MARK TENNIEN

HEADQUARTERS, FOURTEENTH AIR FORCE, CHINA — On Friday, October 13, a medium bomber of China's Fourteenth Air Force circled over a mountain refuge where, in a small Maryknoll mission, eight missioners had taken up their abode ahead of the Japanese drive in September.

Late in September the Japanese armies had swept up through Kwangtung Province, along the West River towards Wuchow, in Kwangsi Province. It was a wide sweep that overran all the towns and cities forty miles each side of the river, to insure the advance. The Wuchow mayor ordered the city evacuated. Bishop Donaghy and Father Reilly then went to the Christian villages in the wild country to the north of the city, planning to keep just out of reach of the enemy, and still be near enough to steal into the occupied places to give the Last Sacraments when necessary.

About September 20, the Japanese

Maryknoll missioners have been in a position to assist bailed-out pilots back to their bases in South China. This time a pilot comes to the rescue of ten priests in their high mountain hide-out

marched into the almost-emptied city of Wuchow. Then they advanced along the West River, swallowing up the missions of Yunghui, Tangyuen, Tanchuk, Pingnam, Taiwan, Szewong; but they found that the missioners had left each place just before they entered.

Fifteen years ago Father Meyer (now a prisoner) had built the isolated mission of Topong, as a refuge and hide-out for the Fathers from the lowland stations, in case of enemy occupation. Now the Japanese had advanced, and a company of nine

The whitewashed mud-wall mission of Topong lay below. "There's your target," said Father Dempsey. "We'll take you over and drop the money at the front gate," said Capt. Michael



Maryknoll priests and two Brothers were laboring up the path. They could hear rifle and machine-gun fire from the lowland village they had left, as the enemy closed in to occupy the place.

They trudged all day, climbing up and up, beside the falling river, and by nightfall they arrived at the mountain fastness, only to find themselves cut off, not only from the Japanese, but from funds and friends. The priests held council and decided to send a runner with a letter to the chaplain of the American air base. The

chaplain would request Maryknoll in Chungking to fly funds to that air base.

A few days after the runner left, Father Arthur Dempsey, of Peekskill, N. Y., and three companions started towards the air base. For four days they tramped over mountains, the hardest climbing Father Dempsey had known in his fifteen years in China. After two days more of scurrying down rapids in a small boat they were at the American air base, and found that the chaplain had already received the funds flown there from Chungking. Aviators crowded around the priests, to hear their six days' saga of travel through the wildest mountain country.

When they asked Father Dempsey how he was going to return with the funds, he answered jokingly: "Walk, unless you men drop me down with a parachute."

Captain Michael thought out loud, mentioning that he just had new engines in his bomber and would have to do slow flying, anyway.

He looked at Father Dempsey and said, "If you can point out the mission house, we'll take you over and drop the money."

"Okay, I'm your navigator. When do we start?" answered Father Dempsey.

The paper money was wrapped in a tight cloth package, then placed in a round bamboo basket and wedged with straw. Within an hour the Mitchell bomber was taking off.

Relief from the Skies

THE plane headed into the high mountains, following the ravine the river had cut. It was wild country, and Captain Michael wondered if the priest was sure of his directions.

Father Dempsey shouted in his ear:
"I know this country like my prayers!
Eagle-Beak Cliff is up a ways at the end
of the pass. Take the left branch of the

stream, hop over one more range, and you'll see the valley with the mission. You are right on the beam!"

The bomber turned, weaving its way between the peaks, and suddenly the whitewashed, mud-wall mission lay below.

"There's your target!" said Father Dempsey. Then he went back to hold on to the crew chief, who stood over the hatch with the basket of money.

On the second run over the house, the priests came out and waved at the plane. The third run was to be a low swoop over the house, and the basket was to be released at the count of three.

The crew chief stood over the open hatch, his belt gripped by Father Dempsey and the radio man. "One—two—

three!" and he let the basket drop the two hundred feet towards the mission. It landed smack in front of the door. The bomber again dipped low and banked over the mission, close enough to see Father McLaughlin's red hair and laughing face; he was waving them thanks.

Another successful mission! Father Dempsey was limping that night. On his hike over the mountains he had cut his leg during a fall. Within a week, he was well mended, however, and began his six-day trek back to the mission in the mountains. General Chennault's chief of staff, General Glenn, was happy to hear the results of the flyer's mission, and promised another visit soon with medicines and food.

Father Dempsey's skill with gadgets made him a favorite with Chinese boys



On a Knoll in Chicago

MARYKNOLL house without a knoll would be somewhat incongruous. Hence Maryknollers are particularly happy that, when our new college sees the light of day in Chicago, it will rise on a sightly elevation decidedly pleasing to the eye in the relatively flat country which characterizes the greater part of Chicagoland. Riding out Roosevelt Road, which is an extension of South Twelfth Street, one comes upon a rising near Glen Ellyn, now occupied by a golf course. Golf will give way to missionary training when a neatly designed building in Georgian style appears among the trees, at what for years has served as the fairway of the fourteenth hole.

Maryknoll's heartfelt gratitude goes to Archbishop Samuel A. Stritch for the fatherly encouragement which has resulted in this new foundation. Bishop James Anthony Walsh, Maryknoll's cofounder, from the earliest days dreamed of training colleges in the East, Middle West, and Pacific areas of the United States, in addition to the national center at Ossining. Auxiliary schools in all three of these areas have for years been feeding the major Seminary, but now the heavy increase in vocations requires more substantial structures. Archbishop Stritch has been equal to the call in Chicago.

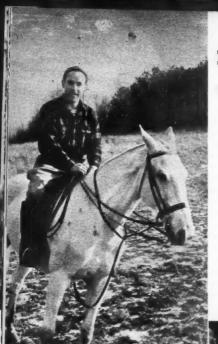
Already there are classes at Maryknoll which count over fifty candidates. With an eye to God's plans for tomorrow, Maryknoll-in-Glen Ellyn will be constructed to accommodate students for the four years of college, with an average of a hundred candidates in each class. God willing,



Archbishop Stritch, of Chicago

Maryknoll College in Chicago will open in 1946.

From Maryknoll's days of infancy, Chicago has taken our Society to its bosom. Monsignor Horsburgh, of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and numerous other friends there have held it in affectionate esteem. Maryknoll missioners from Chicago have made in the field of the apostolate a record of which the folks at home have been very proud. Now, more numerous contingents will join us from among the millions of faithful in Illinois and neighboring States, to carry Christ's banner out over the pathways of the earth.



Mayan Vignettes

by GEORGE HOGAN

ON OUR BALCONY, in the day's leisure hours, we find no more beneficial occupation than to make a study of the people who pass our front door. Of the many, the Maya Indian is, perhaps, the most colorful.

The Mayan gentleman, round head hidden somewhere beneath his mountain-peaked sombrero, strolls along with his beaming handmaiden. He wears a decorated blouse and his white trousers crinkle with starch. His widely spaced toes, enviably free of socks, nod from between the straps of his sandaled feet.

Then there is the Mayan damsel. On Sundays she is in her glory. Her brown face blends with the scarf shawl that curves from her head in a graceful wave, criss-

Father Hogan's parish spreads over a vast, highwayless territory which makes him most grateful for a reliable horse

This damsel, parasoled with her own hair, is selling cistern water





Milady's scarf (left) has many uses. The portrait (below) is of a Mayan gentleman

crosses on the breast, and then resumes its upward course so that the tasseled ends rest lightly on her shoulders.

The Mayan damsel's scarf is an important item. It is an adornment; it is a handkerchief; it is a shock-absorber for the market basket on her head; or, unbelievably, it serves all of these purposes simultaneously!

An Early Start

With dawn, the city is wide awake. Women hurry to market and then to church. Children dart in and out of stores with their precious centavilos clutched in tiny hands. Mules, dragging carts with wheels taller than they, browse by. Zopilotes—black, ugly buzzards—cruise the market district in search of breakfast. Mongrel dogs prowl the streets. In the suburbs of town, you must share the sidewalk with cows and horses.

One evening, as my congregation began to filter into the church for Rosary, I sat on the sacristy steps, chatting with the altar boys. The youngsters were chiding one another about their respective and, I suspect, imaginary "lady friends." I assumed a look that was supposed to express

chagrin at such a topic, though in reality I was having trouble suppressing my laughter.

A Mayan maiden of thirteen strolled past the church door. Suddenly Luis, the youngest of my acolytes and the pride of my liturgical heart, drew a deep breath, pulled out all the stops, and gave forth with a not-too-chivalrous serenade to the damsel: "Sarila, tu vives aqui, Linda, y no pagas renta, ni un centavito!" ("Sara, my beautiful one, you live right here and you don't pay rent, not a penny!")

As the weeks pass, and you find yourself* speaking easily and intelligibly in Spanish, the children, as a rule, bring you back to earth and reality.

As one lad expressed it to me: "You speak funny, Padre!"



A Padre Rates in Chile—Father Wellinghoff went to Casa Blanca for an Anniversary Mass. He had waited in vain for some one to call to take him to his destination in a carriage, and so had started on foot.

While trudging up the road, he met the Molina-Curico bus, bound for Molina. Seeing the Padre hiking his way toward her starting point in Casa Blanca, Senora Sara, the proprietress of the bus, turned the bus about — passengers and all — and headed back to Casa Blanca to take the Padre to his destination.

 Father George C. Powers, of Lynn, Massachusetts, now in Talca, Chile

Central American "Touch"—Human nature is pretty much the same the world over. Even here in this remote and mountain-circled little village of "St. Michael of the Toads" we encounter instances that remind us of this truth and cause us to be wary. Not so long ago a young sponsor for an approaching baptism gave the Padre a gentle "touch," for a loan of the baptismal fee. He wanted to present the priest with an offering of the Padre's own money. Father gave a gentle refusal for answer, explaining that, if he did give the money, there would arise many other embarrassing demands.

"Well, Padre," was the quick comeback

of the impecunious sponsor, "could you loan me some change to throw to the onlookers outside the church, as is the custom at a baptism?"

> Father Norbert M. Verhagen, of Kaukauna, Wisconsin, now in Central America

Blessing a Whip — After Mass one morning, I was asked to take holy water and bless a whip.

The owner of the whip told me that it is always good to have one's whip blessed because, with so many tigers roaming the woods now, it is imprudent to carry a whip that doesn't have the Padre's blessing. I suppose the "Blessing for All Things" is the one a whip calls for. At least, that is the one I gave.

 Father Thomas P. Collins, of San Francisco, California, now in Conquista, Bolivia

Park Avenue Finish — We try a new experiment — homemade varnish for the new house. This product is made out of resin, sugar, linseed oil, and turpentine, all boiled together. It gives a luster, but it's not exactly a mirror-like Park Avenue finish!

- Father Arthur F. Allie, of Two Rivers, Wisconsin, now in Central America

"He'll Have to Die; I Can't Spare Any Money Now."

You wouldn't say that. If the boy were here, gaunt and shrunken with his empty stomach and his empty rice bowl, you wouldn't hesitate. You'd give.

Probably you threw crumbs to the birds this morning. It isn't hardness of heart that keeps Maryknoll from receiving the aid needed in this desperate time.

It is because the birds are at your door and the boy is half a world away.

Once this boy was fat and rosy, the joy of a home, the hope of a nation. He may grow up to be great — a statesman, an artist, a scientist or poet or inventor. Or he may not grow up at all.

We have had to watch so many of them die. They go out quietly, like small flames. You only read about it, but we see it happen.

We have prayed, of course; but God works through human instruments. He expects us to do something — the Maryknoll Fathers and the Maryknoll Members. He expects you to do something.

This page of print is the only way we have of reaching thousands of people in a hurry, so that the children of China may be saved, so that the fires of their lives may burn a little longer, so that they may live on into China's better times ahead!

Please don't put it aside. Read it, believe it is literally true, realize somehow what it means in terms of life and death. Can you spare a dollar, two, five? Will you? "As long as you did it to one of these my

least brethren, you did it to me."

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS Maryknoll, New York





Lao Wong was a fine, friendly gambler

Lao Wong and the Red Beards

by THOMAS N. QUIRK

THERE ARE three Manchurian villages in a row, and they are named T'an Pa Tan, Eth Pa Tan, and San Pa Tan, — First Eight Bushels, Second Eight Bushels, and Third Eight Bushels, which makes a total of three villages and twenty-four bushels of wheat.

As the Manchurian generations rolled by, the first and third eight bushels snuggled into the cold hills and let time take its toll. But the second eight bushels, Erh Pa Tan, was built of more rugged stock, and its merchants kept a lively trade in operation. Before the war, it was a gay little village; it was boisterous and slightly errant, but it maintained a happy spirit of prosperity.

The Red Beards

The surrounding hills were populated by a class of people known as the Red Beards. They were the bandits who made their living on pillage and highway tactics. When business was good, they were free spenders, but when the pickings were poor, they were forced to depend upon local victims for their livelihood, so the Red Beards declared an open hunting season in Eth Pa Tan for twelve months of the year.

The rural bandit rookeries became so populous, that they assumed the proportions of little villages, and the missioners — who are notorious disrespecters of persons — built a chapel in the nearest Red Beard village, which happened to be San Pa Tan, so that its citizens would not have so far to travel to Sunday Mass. When I was first appointed pastor of Erh Pa Tan and its adjacent mission I bought a dollar watch (let them take it!) and said my prayers with an added modicum of ardor.

However, the bandits and I got along very nicely. They respected my personal property, and our relations were most amicable. But the caretaker of the mission was never able to establish any claim to exemption from them. The Red Beards waylaid him, harassed him, stripped and cleaned him so often that he seldom lasted more than a week on the job.

I was thinking very seriously of closing the little chapel and then, one day, a well built, fine-looking man came in from the hills and asked for the caretaker's job.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Lao Wong, Father."

"Are you a Catholic?"

"Oh. ves. Father."

"And what is your profession?" I continued.

"I'm a gambler."

"You're hired."

I don't know how in the world he did it, but he kept himself and the chapel quite free from molestation. Months passed — the chapel was spotlessly clean and Lao Wong, with a happy smile on his face, seemed to be well supplied with cash for himself and his invalid, bedridden wife to whom he was as devoted as a child. Evidently, he was one step ahead of the Red Beards, but I never questioned him.

Then one morning as I was saying Mass I heard the chatter of machine guns from the direction of the Bandits' Nest. The entire group had been surrounded by the Japanese during the night, and every living being, every man, woman, and child had been slaughtered. From past experience I knew how thorough they could be. I pictured poor Lao Wong breathing his last in defense of the chapel.

But in a few days he arrived, chipper as ever, and told me about his strange escape.

It's a Bargain

"It happened suddenly, Father," he said. "I had been invited by the bandits to a nuptial feast and was just sitting down at one of the banquet tables in the court-yard, when I heard what I thought were firecrackers set off for the occasion. But soon I saw people start to fall around me. Then Japanese soldiers appeared amongst us and bayoneted all who survived."

"But how did you escape?" I asked.

"Well, when I saw how the cards lay, I made a deal with Our Blessed Mother. If she would get me and my wife out safely, I promised to have five Masses said in her honor."

"And I hope you are going to live up to your part of the agreement," I urged.

"Oh, yes, Father — will you say the Masses? I'll settle up when my luck improves."

When banditry was prosperous, the Red Beards spent freely in Erh Pa Tan



MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA



The Months of Babes

A RESIDENT of Buffalo, who is described by her grandmother as a wee maid of three, was informed that there would be no chocolate Easter eggs this year on account of government restrictions. This attempt to sidetrack the legitimate aspirations of youth proved a complete failure. being met, as it deserved to be, with a silvery trill of incredulous laughter.

"Yes, there will be!" was the confident answer, "The bunnies have hiding places that the Government does not know anything about." The problem of allaying great expectations in a wartorn world was advanced no jot or tittle by this stratagem. and Grandmother found herself right back where she started from.

We are reminded of sterner things by these reactions of innocence, and we wonder what mothers all over the world find to say to their children when not only do the bunnies fail them, but the roof sags in and the bread gives out. Have they some logical story to explain why the bombs fall and the cupboard is left bare? And if so, does it satisfy the little minds, nourish the little bodies, repair the mangled little limbs? Or do the mothers just clasp their children more tightly and brood over them more depairingly, without any attempt to explain or understand?

We fear the latter, and that is just one more reason why we wish to get on with the mission work that will bring Christtian principles to bear on these problems. A

civilization regulated by God's order could supply chocolate Easter eggs to Buffalo and also a little peace and plenty to all the rest of the world.

Papal Optimism

CHRIST in the storm remained placid, while Peter cried frantically, "Lord, save us, we perish!"

Peter's successor today takes his lesson from Christ, for in speaking recently in Rome of world missions, Pope Pius XII delighted his hearers by his calm reassurance as he-dwelt on the years to follow the world storm which now rages.

"A word of hope and comfort," said His Holiness, "for all to whom the future of the missions causes anxiety. How many hearts were wrung with this same solicitude during the first World War! But to the anxious doubts and fears of that time. the interval between the two great wars gave reply in a manner which was favorable beyond all expectation. Missionary work in Christian countries as well as in the mission fields themselves received an impulse, developed an external magnitude and internal vigor, of an intensity such as perhaps has not been experienced in the whole history of the Church's missions.

"Our immediate Predecessor of glorious memory erected no less than 221 new mission districts: the number of missionary laborers more than doubled during his pontificate; the native clergy almost doubled; young people frequenting Catholic schools in mission territories trebled in number... Is it necessary to remind ourselves of great hopes which the mission field of Asia presents to us? And if we turn our glance on Africa, we discover that the flow into the Church of its peoples, especially those of the Belgian Congo, goes on at such everinceasing pace as to indicate triumphs heretofore never attained.

"In the midst of this second and more

formidable conflict, therefore," concluded His Holiness at this point, "we gaze upon the future with a steady eye..."

Since the Holy Father can view so confidently the years ahead, we, his children, will do well to partake of his vision and

courage. And since these years of tomorrow hold such promise, let us prepare for them. This we must do in particular by sounding the call to the missionary priesthood and to the missionary Sisterhood. There is an imperious urgency which must stir thousands of American young people to bear Christ along the pathways of the world. It must prompt the rest of us to dedicate our precious prayers, our fruitbearing dollars, our fire-bearing zeal and enthusiasm, to awakening all America to this cause of serving all men.

How Many Is Many?

What an endless variety of reactions we get when we drop a seemingly simple observation into the ears of our friends.

For instance, we say to a priest acquaintance, "America has sent a hundred missioners a year to overseas mission posts during the last quarter of a century."

"As many as that!" he will rhapsodize.

"America," we then repeat to the next priest along the line, "has sent a hundred missioners a year overseas during the last

quarter of a century."
"Only a hundred a year?" he groans in dismay. "Why, I thought we were sending out thousands." Thus we encounter the enigma of how many is many and how

few is few.

Probably America would be sending out many missioners if one out of every twenty thousand of its Catholic people were to go overseas annually. This would mean that something over a thousand missioners would journey out

across our borders each twelvemonth. At this rate, New York and Brooklyn, with over two million Catholics, would send out a hundred missionary priests, Brothers, and Sisters annually; Chicago, with a million and a half Catholics, would send out seventy-five each year; Boston and the surrounding dioceses of New England, with more than three million zealous Catholics, would send out over a hundred and fifty yearly.

To those who ask how many is many, we reply with the modest proposal that, as regards missioners from America, the figure should be one new apostle yearly for every twenty thousand Catholics. On this basis, how is your State, your diocese, doing? However alive it may be to missionary needs, and however modest our proposal may seem, no part of America as yet remotely approaches this goal.



At Every Mission Gate, hangry, homeless people walt for a handful of rice. Over seven years of war have created a vast, impoverished, floating population in China. It is estimated that \$1,000,000 Chinese will look to the United Nations for relief and rehabilitation. The missioner's rice line is not adequate. What



China's manpower needs is an opportunity to support itself,
America, the Arsenal of Democracy in war, will become, in peacetime, the Dynamo of Bemocracy. The world—especially China
will look to America for the wherewithal to make a fresh start.
One task is to send thousands of consecrated missionary lives



One section of the Garvey fox farm as seen from the observation tower

Father Francis Garvey, a Maryknoller in Peru, was brought up on a Wisconsin fox farm. A visit with the family proves that the folks at home are "doing O.K."

THERE was a time, some years ago, when I was teaching some of the King's worst English at the Venard College, in Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania. Among the students was a light-haired, broad-shouldered, fast-moving young man by the name of Francis Garvey. His hometown—Lynxville. Wisconsin—had a fascinating sound.

"Francis," I asked, "where is Lynxville?"

"Oh, it's just about fifteen miles from
Prairie du Chien, Father," he replied.

"That clears it up nicely," I said. "Do you have a farm there?"

"Yes. My father raises foxes."

"He raises what?"

"Foxes."

"What in the world for?"

"Fur coats, mostly."

Francis didn't know it at the time, but he shattered my world of romance. I had never seen a fur coat without thinking of strong, snowshoed woodsmen, eagle-eyed marksmen, and their fortunate children whose instruments of education consisted of rifles and hounds rather than textbooks,

From Fox Farm to South America

LATER, when Francis was ordained and went to South America as Father Garvey, of Maryknoll, I wished him Godspeed and great success as a missioner, but I couldn't

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get the idea of the fox farm out of my mind. And that was why, one day last June, I stood under the broiling Wisconsin sun at the railroad station at Prairie du Chien, and waited for Mr. Garvey, whose fascinating occupation had haunted me all through the years.

Mary Garvey, the oldest daughter, her father and mother and myself, piled into the car and left the river-valley town of Prairie du Chien and started climbing towards Lynxville. Up and over the lush green hills of Wisconsin we rode, through yellow gravel roads that sent a cloud of fine dust behind us, winding and-twisting into the limitless distance of America's midwest.

The Garvey farm is a few miles outside Lynxville. The house is gracefully high and narrow, with gables that are tapered into a sharp prominence. The house and all the outlying buildings are painted a soft red which, seen from the hills makes a pleasant contrast against the summer foliage.

Behind the house, long rows of foxpens spread over the hills, and the little animals kept the air alive with their shrill, falsetto barking. The sun was dropping over the hills, and the cluster of red buildings was aglow as we drove up.

Therese and Margaret met us at the door. They had aprons on, and there was a lovely odor coming from the kitchen. Margaret shook hands, and I noted that she took a good look at my ample girth.

"Are you hungry, Father?" she asked. "Listen, Margaret," I replied. "You are treading on very dangerous territory. I was thinking of making a sandwich out of one of those foxes."

Time Out for Victuals

THE girls had a "light snack" fixed for us. There were rolls of fresh, ground beef wrapped up in slices of bacon, with homegrown vegetables of the melting variety, and slabs of chocolate cake with mountains of velvety ice cream on top of them.

In the parlor, after dinner, I lowered myself very gently into a chair, and Therese said, "Would you like a piece of fudge?"

We exchanged information about Father Francis, who is out in the hinterland of Peru. He is at home in the country; and the training that his father gave him, on

the farm, is invaluable where he is. He is

These puppy foxes are friendly now, but they'll grow teeth like needles



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and ey, and in't still in the building stage, in his South American mission, and the reports he sends back are filled with enthusiasm.

Father McDonald, who is the pastor at Lynxville, asked when the young missioner would be coming home.

"Why, Father, he's been out there only about a year." I said.

"Yes. I know," he replied, "but we can start planning, can't we? You know, we are all very proud of that boy."

After Mass the next morning, we started on a tour of the farm. I was anxious to get a good look at the foxes because, as I remembered, the fox was very prominent in the fairy stories I had read. He was indeed a foxy little rascal — sly, self-satisfied, and always well dressed. He was the urbanite of the animal kingdom.

Sharp-toothed and Vicious

"Don't try to touch them, Father," Mr. Garvey warned me. He held up a bandaged finger by way of explanation.

"Do they ever make pets?" I asked. "I've never known one of them to be-

Margaret says, "Don't forget to write"



come friendly," he replied. "They'll take a bite out of you every chance they get."

From a distance the farm looks like an endless succession of beehives — small, flat-topped huts spread out, row upon row as far as the eye can see. Attached to each pen is a heavy wire runway, about five feet high and twenty-five feet long. The floor is about a foot from the ground, with wooden runways on either side so that the animals may exercise.

A square opening about two feet long leads into the huts where the vixens nurse their young. The long, narrow opening gives them a sense of security which is quite necessary, since they are timid creatures and never become domesticated.

In addition to the runway and huts, there are pelting pens where the males are kept when they are not breeding.

In the winter, the foxes are placed in the open-air runways. They are cold-weather animals, and the snow gives a luxurious thickness and a high sheen to their pelts.

There are from four to five thousand foxes, including the little pups, on the Garvey farm, and each one of them requires a lot of care, because they are valuable and they represent a large investment.

Platinum Pelts

A TOWER overlooks each of the ranches. An experienced fox rancher, such as Mr. Garvey, can tell about the health of each fox by watching his movements.

Each pen is numbered. The number is written on a plain board and raised high on a stake, so that the man in the tower can issue orders more easily as the workers walk around through the pens.

While I was in the tower with Mr. Garvey, his two sons, Kay and Larry, were out in the pens. They were looking in the huts to see how the puppies were getting along.



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Mr. and Mrs Garvey with Fr. Francis

Kay is twenty-one and has a pair of shoulders that denote outdoor life. He is tall and powerful, with a slim, tapering torso, and his brother Larry is running him a close second. Both of the boys are in the service now.

"What are those white foxes, Mr. Garvey?" I asked.

"They are the platinums," he said. "They have fine coats."

The platinums are a comparatively recent breed. Not long ago, one of the large fur companies paid eleven thousand dollars for a single pelt. After that, however, the secret of the breeding became public property, and the market dropped.

"Oh, Larry!" Mr. Garvey called. "There goes a silver! He got loose — and there's the other."

The two foxes, loose for the first time in their lives, made a beeline for the tall grass.

It was nothing like the traditional fox hunt with red coats and hounds. This was a purely business-like function. Six dogs were in on the party. They were purebred rat terriers, and each one was about half the size of the fox they were going to catch. The dogs were cute little rascals, and as soon as they got the signal that the hunt was on, they streaked off in a selfappointed pack and chased the fox.

It was as simple as that. They went directly to one fox, and surrounded him until one of the men picked him up by the tail. Then they nosed out the other in the same manner, and soon the foxes were tucked back in their pens.

"How do you kill the foxes to pelt them?" I asked Mr. Garvey.

"We are very humane, Father," he answered. "We electrocute them."

Ready for Market

WHEN a fox has been killed — always in the wintertime, when the pelt is thick the pelter peels the skin over the head as easily as if he were pulling off a sock. Then the pelt — inside out — is slipped over a specially cut slat like a small ironing board, and the skin is scraped clean. After that a drying process completes the job, and the pelts are ready for the market.

When feeding time comes, two horses old, worn-out beasts, of course - are led into the slaughterhouse and come out in feeding buckets. The foxes eat once a day. That reminded us, of course, to go back to the house for a "little snack."

It was almost train time when the tour of the farm was over. While Mr. Garvey backed the car out of the garage to take me to the station, I said good-by to Mrs. Garvey, Mary, Therese, Kay, Larry, and Cousin Francis.

"Sure you won't be hungry, Father?" Margaret asked.



THEY called her Mei Tu of the Good Heart. She belonged to the new China, and she was twelve years old. Her parents, who saw a better place for womanhood in the quickly coming years, sent her each day to the House of Estimable Knowledge, so that her small head might not be entirely empty when others were sufficiently filled.

Mei Tu loved her lessons. Day after day she sat in class with other girls of her age, and learned about things and lands of which she had known nothing before. She learned of the peoples to the south—in Borneo, Australia, New Zealand; she learned of the lands across the blue waters of the Pacific, of America and its Golden Gate leading to the "fairy" city of San Francisco.

Twice in the week, Mei Tu went to another school, to attend for an hour or two a special class in handwork. Her slim fingers were trained in the embroidering of bright objects on satin, silk, and linen. She was eager and quick, and soon she was always the one to show the best results.

Among her classmates was Su Ling, a girl of the same age but not of the same gentle manners. Su Ling looked on life differently. Her parents were rich, and her dresses were always of the finest satin patterned with exquisite embroidery.

Every day Su Ling brought with her a small singing bird in a tiny, gilt cage. This she kept beside her, and when the drone of study started, the little bird started sounding off, too. The room was filled with melody, but it was filled also — to the teacher's distress — with distraction. For the children dropped their work to gaze at the little singer, and the lessons went badly. The pupils loved to watch the small throat pulsing with song, and the bright eyes shining with the joy of expression.

Of all the pupils, no one watched more intently than Mei Tu. But there was something more in Mei Tu's face than the mere joy of listening. Her kindly heart was distressed to see the little singer in such a small cage; there was barely room for him to open his wings. Over and over, she thought: "Poor little prisoner! Poor little prisoner!"

One day a bell tinkled on the teacher's desk, and the class returned to attention. The teacher spoke: "Su Ling will come for-

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The eyes of the children opened wide, and work stopped as Su Ling went up.

"Su Ling, for what purpose are you in class?" The teacher's voice was quiet, but whenever she spoke the class listened.

Su Ling answered at once, "To learn, Honorable Teacher."

"And do you find it easy?"

Su Ling waited a minute: then she replied, "Not always, Honorable Teacher."

The teacher nodded. "I can see that is the truth, and for that reason I have come to a decision. It is about the bird. Wee Chee. I have noticed that when the voice of Wee Chee fills the room, the understanding of the class is clouded, and work is not good. Therefore, Wee Chee must be put elsewhere. From today, Su Ling, he will be kept in the Hall of Outer Garments."

So Wee Chee's cage was hung in the cloak room, where his voice would not reach the children at their work. And lessons went on more smoothly and successfully for awhile. But after a few days, Su Ling presented herself at the teacher's desk, with a look of anger and dismay on her small, proud face.

The teacher looked up from the books in front of her.

"What is it, Su Ling?"

Chee, is not in his cage! The door of confinement is open; he is gone. I cannot find him anywhere."

The teacher returned to her books. "Go back to your play, Su Ling. I will attend to it."

When the children were again in their seats. Su Ling was called up once more. The matter needed to be sifted, and the teacher looked over the class.

"Su Ling," she said, "speak of the matter." And Su Ling repeated what she had said before.

"Was the door securely fastened, Su Ling?"

Su Ling stood quite straight, and her voice was hard and cold:

"It was, Honorable Teacher, and no bird has hands that it could free itself. Someone - "

From her seat on the aisle, Mei Tu rose and walked to stand beside Su Ling. She spoke without faltering:

"Honorable Teacher, Su Ling has spoken truly. The bird, Wee Chee, could not have freed itself. It was my hand that opened the door. I felt sorrow for the bird in so small a cage, because it could not fly out into the free air and the sunshine, and sing among the bright leaves of the trees."

The class stopped even looking at their work. Not a finger moved; the ink on the brushes commenced to dry. The teacher looked at Mei Tu very directly.

"Was the bird yours, Mei Tu, that you might do with it as you wished?"

"The bird was not mine, Honorable Teacher. I must make reparation."

The class went on with its work. But at closing time, when the other girls had left, Mei Tu stayed at her desk and continued at the task which had been set for her.

Su Ling took away the empty cage, but "Honorable Teacher, my bird, Wee she brought no other bird, nor did Mei Tu buy another for her. The days went into weeks, and work went on again as though nothing had happened. Then one day word was brought from Su Ling's home, telling that she had been taken to the House of Healing, on the hill. Su Ling had had a

fall, and it might be five or six weeks before she would be able to walk again.

In the quiet of her hospital room, while she lay propped up in bed, Su Ling was able to think out many things. Her thoughts

were often on Mei Tu and the bird, Wee

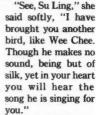
Chee.

One afternoon, up the roadway which led to the House of Healing, walked Mei Tu. Under her arm, she carried a package. When she arrived, she was shown into the room where Su Ling lay.

Su Ling showed no surprise. She merely asked in a quiet voice, "Why have you come, Mei Tu?"

Mei Tu answered, just as quietly, "I have brought my reparation, Su Ling."

Then she opened the package and displayed a small screen, set in a frame on a stand. Within the frame, on a ground of sky-blue satin, a little bird sat on a branch of a plum tree bright with fairy blossoms. He was singing a silken song in rich and beautiful embroidery. Mei Tu laid the little screen across Su Ling's lap.



Su Ling looked at the little screen, and then up at Mei Tu. When she spoke, her voice was quite different; it was not cold or hard any more.

"You have worked this for me?"

Mei Tu nodded.

"It is my own work," she said. "I have tried to be quick."

Then, after the manner of the West, which they were learning every day, the girls touched hands, and Su Ling smiled.

"He is a beautiful bird, Mei Tu, and my heart is thankful," she said. "I understand — now."



YOUR PRAYERS, PLEASE!

We have received the following special requests for prayers. These intentions have been read out publicly in our Maryknoll chapel. May we ask you, too, to remember these needs of your fellow Members of Maryknoll? Please feel free to submit your requests for our prayers and for those of all Maryknoll Members.

Persons sick, 2,414 Persons in the services, 2,489
Persons deceased, 1,241 Other special intentions, 7,499

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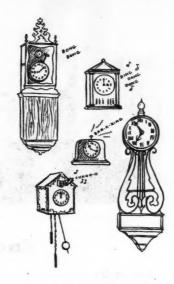
by GEORGE KROCK

WRITERS about China all think it is necessary to remark, at least once in each book, that time, in China, has no meaning — or at least no urgency. It is strange to see that this is true, yet at the same time to note the important part that clocks play in the history of China — ancient and modern. When Matteo Ricci entered China in the sixteenth century, his chiming clocks so won the interest of the Chinese, that they forgot it was a foreigner who came with them. Then in the seventeenth century, when the emperors wanted to stamp out Christianity, they still kept the Jesuits to tend the imperial clocks!

Today in China, all kinds of clocks and watches are held in high esteem. Every home tries to possess at least one clock; two or three, if the family can possibly afford them. And the clocks are all hung together on the front wall of the guest hall. Even if the clocks are all in running order, which is seldom the case, they never all have the same time. Nobody minds; a clock is a clock. And a watch is the finishing touch of a well-turned-out man.

In all China, no two clocks ever have the same time. The climate is disastrous to clockwork. But life goes on — just as surely as it does in the middle of Times Square, or in the main clock room of the Greenwich Observatory. Busses start hours later than when scheduled; nobody minds. People rise at daybreak, and eat when the food is ready.

The first year I lived in China, I, too, wore a wrist watch and wasted a lot of time and energy winding it every night. But it served no purpose. Why be on time



when nobody else was? To be prompt requires a common standard of time. It is fruitless for one person to think it is six o'clock, when half of China knows it is only five, and the other half feels it is seven. One of the commonest expressions in China is "Man, man" — "Slowly, slowly." Promptness is the courtesy of kings — but most of the kings are dead. The Chinese watches the Yankee galloping around in the sun, and knows the poor man will probably have to stay in bed two months with sunstroke!

So I saved time by discarding the timepiece, and I never missed the watch, or any boats or busses, either. At times I have only a sketchy idea of what day of the week it is. But then, the rice bowl on the table three times a day, and the sun popping over the mountains every morning, reassure me that time isn't the main thing.



On the Feast of St. Thomas, theology students lecture before the faculty

Knoll Notes

Bees in Our Bonnet

URING these lean years in China, many Da missioner has had to fall back on the skimpy knowledge of gardening, poultry, and pig raising that he picked up during the manual-labor period at the Seminary in his student days. Some of the missioners are doing very well for themselves. Father Constantine Burns, in particular, has raised vegetables and had, at one time, his own milk cows. Those probably made nice, juicy steaks for the invading Japanese when they captured Wanfau. He also had a successful apiary. Some of our students at the Seminary have followed his example and have gone in for this hazardous occupation. At home or abroad, it takes an intrepid soul to handle bees.

Where They Come From

ONCE A YEAR we get around to counting noses. It was noted that our 474 students

come from twenty-eight States and one Territory. A glance at the following table will show whether your State is represented.

Clata	37-	Ctata	A7
State	No.	State	No.
Alabama	1	Missouri	24
California	52	Montana	1
Colorado	1	Nebraska	1
Connecticut.	7	New Jersey	9
Illinois	15	New York	
Indiana	7	Ohio	35
Iowa	1	Oklahoma	1
Kansas		Pennsylvania	28
Kentucky	1	Rhode Island	3
Louisiana	2	Texas	1
Maine	5	Washington.	4
Maryland	7	West Virginia	1
Massachusett	s89	Wisconsin	13
Michigan	26	Hawaii	
Minnesota			
	226		248
Grand To	otal	47	4

Where They Go

JUST AS interesting is it to learn how this number is distributed among our ten houses. The major Seminary takes most of them. The Venard — familiar name for the Maryknoll Apostolic College — takes most of the rest. The students are distributed over the country, as follows: Major Seminary, Ossining, New York 173 Maryknoll Apostolic College. Clarks

Summit, Pennsylvania	
Novitiate, Bedford, Massachusetts	. 45
Mountain View, California	. 33
Akron, Ohio	. 17
Cincinnati, Ohio	. 13
Buffalo, New York	. 8
Chicago, Illinois	. 7
Detroit, Michigan	. 17
St. Louis, Missouri	. 12
	474

A Planned Argument

THE FEAST of Saint Thomas Aquinas, March 12, brings the yearly disputation. Last year Charles Kenney, of New York, defended the thesis, "Marriage is Indissoluble," while Richard McMonigal, of St. Paul, did his best to deny it. Orthodoxy won!



Maryknollers lose game to Dunwoodie students, but not without a struggle

Seminarians help the bees to set up housekeeping under Catholic auspices



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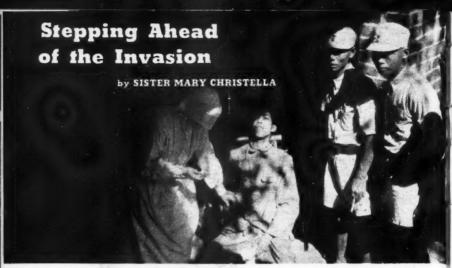
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Sister Dominic Marie does hospital duty for wounded Chinese soldiers

When the order came to escape the Japanese invasion there were no exemptions. Sister Mary Christella tells how she and her sister missioners, took to the road

f I F YOU ARE TOLD to go, run in a hurry!" was the official advice given to United States citizens in our corner of China, by the American consul.

When the warning finally came, on the first of June, our first thought was to put through a series of telephone calls to our other mission convents to make sure that each individual would have her instructions. Some Sisters were to join us there at Kweilin; the others we hoped to meet at a point farther north.

Three days later, when "our separated brethren" who were to travel with us had not yet arrived, we decided to buy railroad tickets for all, as rumor had it that that night would be the deadline for an exodus. Mobs of people with mounds of baggage had preceded us to the railroad station. We were told that a train was scheduled to leave at three the following morning, but tickets would not be sold until midnight — and only to those who had applied two days previously. With this discouraging news, we returned to our blacked-out convent.

There was naught to do then but to unpack the bedding and crawl under cover. At eleven-thirty we were awakerled by the arrival of Sister Miriam Carmel and Sister St. Dominic. After getting them settled as best we could, we again tried to get some much-needed sleep. An hour later the gatekeeper announced Sister Rose's coming.

Bedlam at the Station

PRACTICALLY the entire next day was spent in negotiating for train tickets. At three the following morning, we arose,

attended the Holy Sacrifice, and by five were on our way to the station. At the terminus, everything was bedlam. Had we tried to convince ourselves that nothing was going to happen, the milling, jostling, anxious-eyed crowd would have quickly disillusioned us.

At seven-thirty the train pulled in, bulging with humanity. People were hanging out the windows and already sitting atop the cars. After much struggling, some of our Sisters managed to get standing room near a window, while Sisters Rose Victor, Cecilia Maria and I, the very last passengers to board the train, managed to get a foothold on the platform.

Father Knotek rode on top of the boxcar, along with scores of other passengers, and at every station he climbed down to see if we were still persevering.

Late in the afternoon the train went off the track. Derailing is of frequent occurrence, but when it happened this time, there were some who suspected sabotage. The spot was ideal for it—a curve, a mountain, a stream below.

While the train was being hauled back onto its tracks, many enterprising Chinese washed their clothes.

Friendly Yank

We were due to arrive at Liuchow at four that afternoon. Instead, we spent a wearisome night on the train. There was no water, and the air was stifling. Children slept on the section tables, men in the luggage racks. Sixteen hours late, the train wheezed into Liuchow. We got off—tired, edirty, hungry, and thirsty, but thankful to be a jump ahead of the Nipponese.

Early the following afternoon, an American soldier came in a jeep to drive us to the station. He carried our luggage to the train — and won the admiration of the onlooking Chinese.



Sister Francis at the Loting orphanage. Sisters worked tirelessly to keep invasion areas free of children With war foundlings on the increase, the Sisters devote much time to such as these



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was At ose, On the whole, this trip was a repetition of the one from Kweilin, with passengers filling the aisles and windows, riding the cowcatcher, and utilizing every bit of space. But the food situation became more serious, because the run was taking much longer than expected. Water, for either drinking or washing, was a minus quantity. At every station stop, Sister Miriam Carmel and Sister Antonia Maria got off and tried to purchase boiling water from the native villagers. They succeeded almost always — but at what a price!

Perpendicular Path

LATE Saturday morning it was learned that a bridge farther ahead on our route was washed out. For a space the train continued its jerky, undecided way; then it stopped, finally and emphatically. The point had been reached where it would go no farther. We were told to get out and walk about five hundred yards to a barge that would ferry us across the river, to where another train would be waiting for us. Our advisers failed to say that the walk was an almost perpendicular one, straight up the side of a mountain. The rain came down in torrents.

The path had been in bad condition before; after the rain, it was impossible. Unable to get a foothold, we slipped and slid, trusting to land right side up.

At the end of the march the sight of the

train rewarded us, and we thought we had nothing to do but board it and then rest all day. But as usual man proposes, God disposes. Laboring through an overpopulated aisle, we came to our compartment and found it already occupied by no less than sixteen people!

So Near yet So Far

GOOD NEWS ushered in another day. We were only thirty-five miles from our destination. This is about the same distance as from Maryknoll to New York City.

Three and a half hours later, we limped into Tushan, to find Sister Rose Victor awaiting us. She resembled a creature from another world alongside her mudcaked Sisters.

Thursday morning word came that a convoy would be leaving in fifteen minutes. The convoy consisted of three large trucks. The scenery en route was beautiful, we heard said, but from our floor seats we could see none of it...

At Kweiyang, in the mission convent of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, the eighteen Maryknoll Sisters were reunited. But conditions soon forced them to move on. At this writing, the majority have made their way to the Chungking area, where they are employed in United States Government Hospitals. Red Cross Relief, and United China Relief work, while some few are teaching.

MARYKNOLL SISTERS, MARYKNOLL, N. Y.	
(Address)	in helping to equip and transport your
missioners to fields afar.	in helping to equip and transport your
As long as possible, I will send \$ Maryknoll Sister.	each month, for the support of a



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7. ped What Is Wrong With This Picture?

I'T SHOWS THE TOWER, the main entrance, and part of the residence wing of the Maryknoll Seminary.

But half is missing; the half which this

text occupies.

When the plans were drawn for the Seminary, twenty-five years ago, it was intended that a chapel should be built, but there was not money enough. Classrooms and bedrooms were given preference; Mass and other religious ceremonies were conducted temporarily in a room originally planned to be a lecture hall.

The years went on, and war came to China. There was a sudden desperate need for money to save life: food and medicine were needed for refugees. All the money we could get was sent. Then came Pearl Harbor, and all except war construction stopped. The war will end. Then a part of the problem of recovery will be to find jobs for returning servicemen. Another part will be the prevention of inflation. Building the Seminary Chapel will help do both; it is our postwar plan. We shall need help with it. Contributions made to the Chapel Fund will be a long-term investment.

You may send gifts now; any gift, large or small, will be welcome for our Chapel

Fund; include it in your plans.

It is ironic that Maryknoll, which has sent so many priests to establish churches in far-off places, has no church of its own!

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y. For Wills, legal title: The Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.







Father Cleary



Father Walsh

On the Mission Front

Cry of Repentance

AFTER A TALK given at a local prison, a prisoner approached the Maryknoll Father and, with pathetic earnestness mixed with timidity, asked to have a Mass said. He gave the missioner a note, scarcely legible and in very poor Spanish, which is translated here:

"Señor Padre. I beg you to do me the great favor. My loved and amiable Señor Padre, I beseech you! In my home they never think of the disgrace of this jail in which I so suffer that each night I cannot close my eyes, and I am worried about my home. A disgrace befell me, that was an accident in which I struck with a pole a woman who died. Remember her soul. It was my fault she died. May God and the woman herself pardon me! For this I wish you to say a Mass. This happened in a small fight. I had no enemy and no intention of killing, and unfortunately even less was she my enemy. So I hope that you will remember her in prayer. Nothing more for the moment, Señor Padre. The soul was of a married woman. and the name of the deceased is"

The name signed to this sincere cry of

repentance and plea for assistance was the name of the dead woman's husband!

> of Newark, New Jersey, now in Puno, Peru

Safety First

FATHER MULLIGAN of Jersey City, New Jersey, had a bit of bad luck on the last two horseback rides. One underfed horse was too weak to hold out the whole trip: he stumbled, and then almost fell on top of his rider, whom he had thrown on to a rocky hillside. Since then, Father went out on another sick call, making sure ahead of time that the horse was sound enough to make the trip. On crossing a bridge however, the horse (his name must have been Cyclops!) shied and almost tossed his rider into the river. The owner then remembered to tell Father Mulligan that the horse was blind in one eye, and doubtless had been frightened by not seeing the rest of the bridge on the other side of him. "Safety first!" Father Mulligan now walks for many of the sick calls. especially when he can cut across the mountains which the horse would have to go around. He walked in three hours one journey which requires two and a half hours on horseback.

> - Father Joseph N. Cappel, of Norwood, Ohio, now in Chillan, Chile

Two Come Through

Two of our First Communicants were in some time ago to see the pastor. In a very bashful way, they told him they wished to be priests. When they were in Sze Wong

(now occupied by the Japanese) for the course in the spring, we gave a talk on the priesthood, but then they didn't think they could do "it — they thought it would be "too hard"! But they were two of the best prospects either Father "Welty or I had seen in these parts, and so we kept them in our prayers.

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Finally, "out of a clear blue sky," they came, asking what they need to do to become priests. The

probatorium is to open sometime this fall in Ha Tsing.

 Father Michael J. McKeirnan, of Pomeroy, Washington, now in Kunming, China

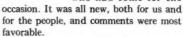
So Easily Done

Our first Attempts at the catechumenate for First Holy Communion met with success (thanks to the grace of God). On the day appointed, the head of one of the small Indian villages came to us with fourteen children. His wife and another woman came along with the children to cook their meals, and to take care of

them outside of the appointed hours for catechism. We explained the schedule, which was as follows: Mass every morning; breakfast; two hours of instruction in the morning, and the same in the afternoon; assistance at Rosary and devotions in the evening. As for meals, we asked the mothers how much it would cost to feed the children and themselves for the week. Then the necessary amount was turned over to the mothers, and that spared us a good number of head-

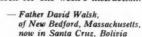
aches, since we haven't the accommodations just yet for serving such a large group.

On the morning of June 4, the fourteen youngsters marched up the aisle, renewed their baptism al promises, and turned their thoughts to Him Whom they were to receive for the first time. After Mass there was a Communion breakfast, and then the happy youngsters went home with their parents, who had come for the



A week is only a short time; but for the present, because of living conditions in general, and the need of children at home, we cannot ask for more time.

With the mission paying for all meals, the Communion breakfast, and salaries for two catechists, the total costs came to about twenty-one dollars, or a dollar and a half for each one of the four-teen children for one week's instruction.





Father McKeirnan

Our Maryknoll Brothers

by ROBERT GALLAGHER

VISITORS TO SUNSET HILL often ask us:
"Where do you get your Brothers?
They seem so competent, so interested in
the progress of Maryknoll."

This always gives us a feeling of pride. For Maryknoll has a warm spot in its heart for the Brothers of Saint Michael, who render manifold services to our Society of which they are a part. They keep things running smoothly at the Home Knoll; in the various Maryknoll seminaries, colleges, houses of study, and procures in the

United States; and in similar establishments in the foreign-mission field.

The Brothers do the clerical work in the offices; buy the food and other supplies; take care of the painting, carpentering, and building repairs; do the electrical work; look after the grounds, vineyards, gardens, and farms, and feed the chickens and the livestock. In the foreign

missions, they also teach English and science, run trade schools and dispensaries, and supervise the construction of buildings.

The Hidden Way

It is not difficult to see why a young man who answers the call to the life of a Maryknoll Brother should accept Saint Joseph as his model. Such a young man strives for humility and the consecrated lowliness that the Holy Family of Nazareth followed. In so doing, he brings a new element of inspiration into his life and

into that of his own family and friends.

It is true that the Maryknoll Brother gives up the world and its attractions, in order to lead a life in religion. He seeks for himself, and for those whom he serves, the knowledge of God and of Christ the King. Only eternity will reveal the good accomplished by a soul following this hidden way.

The opportunity knocking at the hearts of American Catholics today is an exceptional one. Our missioners report that the

natives in many lands are in a receptive mood, willing to give ear to the message of the missioners. Kindness, patience, and Christian charity—the care of the homeless, the hungry, and the weak—have broken down much prejudice and indifference. In the truest sense, those mission fields are ripe for the harvest.

A Maryknoll Bishop in China indicated to us some time ago

the manifold tasks awaiting Brothers in foreign fields:

"In the mission field, a Brother may take the place of the priest, in making visitations, examining catechumens, regulating practices, investigating new openings, superintending construction, or serving in the dispensary.

"In school work the Brother may serve as head of the school system in a mission. This means the periodic visitation and examination of pupils in the several



schools; the supervision of students' drill, athletics, and singing; and the keeping of records, both educational and financial.

"The qualities necessary for this work are not difficult to find in our American young men. Coupled with the practical piety of clean hearts, they guarantee the success of a Brother in China. Here is a work requiring no long course of training."

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A Generous Reward

WHILE it is true that the need and the opportunities for Brothers in the foreign mission field are great, the demands of health, temperament, and training are so exacting that they do place a limitation on the number of those equipped for the work. Hence it is fortunate there are so many important posts and fields of labor for the Brothers in the Maryknoll houses in America.

The Maryknoll Brothers' path may lead, therefore, to the outposts of Maryknoll in the Orient, or to Central or South America, or it may lead only to an assignment in the United States. But the ultimate goal is the same as that of Saint Paul: "the prize of the supernal vocation of Christ Jesus, Our Lord"!

As to the reward, we have Christ's words: "Amen I say to you, there is no man who hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother . . . for my sake . . . who shall not receive an hundred times as much" (Mark X: 29-30).

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P.O., N. Y.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your literature on Brothers' vocations.

Name	
Address	
City	Zone No. State

Three-Minute Meditation

"The poor have the gospel preached to them"
(MATT. XI:5)

Since John the Baptist was in prison and soon to be executed, he wished to have his disciples become convinced that Jesus was the Messiah and their new leader. He therefore sent two of his disciples to Our Lord to ask, "Art thou he that art to come, or look we for another?"

Jesus said to them: "Go and relate to John what you have heard and seen. The blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, and the poor have the gospel preached to them."

It is indeed thought-provoking to find Our Lord listing such miracles as "the blind see," the incurable lepers "are cleansed," "the dead rise again" as proof of His Divinity, and to discover that He has placed in the last, and therefore the most emphatic, place on the list of miracles "the poor have the gospel preached to them."

In the Old Testament, wealth was looked upon as a blessing; poverty was considered a misfortune.

The poor are innumerable, though some experts say that one billion people can be classified as poor. And by coincidence, this billion for the most part have never heard of God.

Nature rebels at poverty, though Christ chose it for His mother and arranged it for Himself from the first day at Bethlehem. No one really loves the poor, except Our Lord and His faithful followers. We cannot imitate Our Lord by curing the blind, the halt, and the deaf, but we can follow His example by preaching the Gospel to the poor or by assisting those whose life work is to do so.

Three-Minute Meditation: read a minute, reflect another minute, and pray the third minute.

World Christianity

by PETER COSMON

FOR ALL OF LIFE AND ALL OF THE LIVING

BISHOP MCINTYRE, New York's Auxiliary, was one of more than a thousand signers of the new Declaration of Human Rights which was recently published. It seems ephemeral in form, since it gives too much space to talking about "Hitlerism," a concept which will quickly die once the war is over; but it does well in advocating the promulgation of an International Bill of Rights, which is an idea of enduring appeal to all who are devoted to the welfare of all men.

This modern global world of ours must, as the Declaration states, "be based on the recognition that the individual human being is the cornerstone of our culture and our civilization. All that we cherish must rest on the dignity and inviolability of the person, his sacred right to live and to develop under God."

Some Catholic theologians make the interesting and inspiring observation that God did not become Man among us merely for the emergency task of redeeming us from sin. God, they explain, was devoted to all men primarily because He loved them; hence He would have become Man even if Adam had not fallen, and in that world which we shall never know He would have walked among men, not as a sufferer, but as the Homo Gloriosus, the Man of Glory.

Great thinkers like Saint Francis de

Sales have always deeply desired a complete and all-inclusive view of the world. Saint Francis probably knew very little about the peoples of India or China, the dwellers of the Congo, the redskins of the Americas. Yet in the picture which he drew of life and of all the living, every last man in the world had a place and was precious because of the dignity due him on earth and the high destiny due him in heaven.

Saint Francis de Sales, taking his cue from Saint Thomas Aquinas, that the essence of God's goodness is God's desire to share Himself, sees four degrees of this sharing in God's concept of the universe:

- (1) In the Trinity, "the Father communicates His whole infinite and indivisible Godhead to the Son through begetting Him; Father and Son communicate Their one Godhead to the Holy Ghost."
- (2) In the Incarnation, a creature comes into existence receiving the whole completeness of the Godhead, divine nature and human nature joining, in order that human nature "should enjoy the infinite glory of God forever."
- (3) In man, God shares His goodness, that His creatures may find happiness, since their happiness is a part of the happiness of the Godhead. Goodness, diffusive of itself, needs diffusion for its own satisfaction.
- (4) In the visible world—animals, plants, the land, the sea, the sky—all men of every continent possess "the natural foundation which makes it possible for

mankind to glorify the goodness of God." Thus is established the relation of man to God, to all his fellow men, and to the totality of the universe. By this very beautiful concept of life, mankind is to love God above all things and is to take

hearty joy in the things that God has made for all men, the earthly pastimes and all the noble pleasures of the world.

With this full-blown view of God's plan, it is immediately evident that any somber picture of the majority of men condemned to ignorance, to poverty, to sufferings and indignities, is not God's picture. Any fatalistic view that the masses of Asia and Africa are to be forever debased, that the majority of peoples who es-

tablish themselves in nations are to be regarded as irremediably conspiring and malignant, that America and any other of the more Christian nations of the West will do well to draw up their skirts about them and avoid, as lepers and detestable men, the main body of mankind — any such dark and dour view as this is definitely non-Christian.

Instead, as Christians we must be world Christians; we must give our names, after the example of Bishop McIntyre of New York, to every proper declaration of human rights, to every movement which seeks to attain for our fellow men not only

a place in heaven, but a happier place on earth.

Life will be forever marked with sorrow and with the temptation to false joys. But this does not permit us to cry out cynically that God and the world are irreconcilable contradictions—that poverty, ignorance, and suffering are yokes which all other peoples of the earth but ourselves must accept as unavoidable.

It is our creed to help all men to live better here and

hereafter. World Christianity is: (1) a knowledge of and regard for the peoples of the earth, our brothers in Christ, and appreciation of our responsibility to promote the welfare of all mankind according to Christian ideals; (2) a devotion to the Church's task of carrying to all non-Catholics and non-Christians Christ's teachings and life of charity.



MARYKNOLL hopes to possess some day a library which will be outstanding in the United States as a center of mission lore.

This does not mean that we wish only mission books. A good library should be well equipped with representative books on all subjects.

Hence we were quite delighted a couple of weeks ago when a truck brought us 1,500 volumes, the precious collection of a professor of sociology.

A major in the Army sent an armful of books on business administration. A schoolteacher in Pennsylvania has sent us a valuable collection of books on the theory of education. We are very glad to have them.

Can you join the parade? Please write to:

Reverend Librarian, MARYKNOLL P. O., NEW YORK



Powerhouse

AN AMERICAN ARMY MAJOR visited the leper colony which is staffed by a community of Sisters on the Island of M——, in the Southwest Pacific. As the officer and his party were taking off the gloves and slippers which visitors wear as a precautionary measure during the inspection, the elderly chaplain approached them. With a twinkle in his clear blue eyes, he said to the major, "Would you care to see our powerhouse?"

"Powerhouse!" exclaimed the officer.
"Why, sure! I'm surprised that you have one"

So he followed the chaplain along a path to a neat little chapel.

"This," said the chaplain with a smile, "is the powerhouse where the Sisters get the strength to make life worth while for these poor lepers."

Missioners, home and foreign, are especially conscious of the power of prayer, for they have witnessed its workings in extraordinary conversions which could be attributed only to God's special help.

It is not surprising, then, that Maryknoll also should have a "powerhouse." In the Maryknoll Sisters' Cloister, fourteen Sisters devote themselves to the contemplative life in a separate building, located on the highest peak of Mary's Knoll. In addition, we are relying on the prayers of many Carmelites who have supported Maryknoll from its foundation. Each year a letter comes from Abbot Dunne, of the Trappist Monastery at Gethsemane, Kentucky, with the assurance of daily remembrance in their prayers and work.

In far-off, Japanese-occupied Hong-Kong, is a little Carmel whose prayers have been particularly sought by missioners.

Our Superior General, Bishop James E. Walsh, in describing a good missioner, speaks of him as being "sentenced to sanctity." Accordingly, Maryknoll is intimately interested in, and eager to spread, the Crusade of Masses and Prayers, organized some thirty-two years ago by the Cistercian Fathers. Its object is the conversion of the Far East. The means used are purely spiritual: one Communion a month for this purpose, and enrollment as a member of the Association.

Pope Pius XI blessed the Association in 1923, becoming a member himself and promising to say Mass monthly. Rich indulgences can be gained. Those of our readers who wish to join in this commendable movement may send their name to the Cistercian Monastery, Valley Falls. Rhode Island.

TAR HEEL **APOSTLE**

FATHER PRICE, Tar Heel Apostle, adopted the slogan, "Every Tar Heel a Catholic!" He held to this ideal through many trying, amusing, heartbreaking incidents in North Carolina, until he became cofounder of Maryknoll and missioner in Ching. His simplicity, devotion, and consuming zeal will win your heart.

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ALL THE DAY LONG

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Marylmoll Want Ads.

Some of the country down Peru way, assigned to Father Arthur Kiernan and his priests, is so mountainous that a fly almost needs skid chains to get about. Missioners need sure-footed mules, which cost \$100 each, and strong saddles, costing \$50 more. Four mules and four saddles are

required. Who will give all or part of the necessary \$600?

God will provide. But He works through human instruments. We have sent a Maryknoll Sister who is qualified as a physician, and another who is a trained nurse, to Bolivia to start a clinic. They need medicine.

instruments, equipment, and working quarters. All costs can be covered by \$3,000. We know that some friend of Maryknoll will provide the money.

Consider the people of Salvarina, Chile, for whom the bell does not toll. They want and need a church bell, to call them to prayer — a sweet-toned bell, to mark the hours and measure their days — a peal of music, to say to them always that God is their Friend. We can get such a bell for them, for \$100. But can we get the \$100?

Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. That is why the Church starts schools; that is why we want \$500 to begin a school in Bolivia, and \$1,000 for one in Chile. The influence of these schools will reach hundreds of persons and last for generations. What a memorial one would make!

War in China has not stopped the training of Catholic youth. Father Dempsey, of Kweipeng, asks \$1,500 for a dormitory for Catholic students attending the Government high school.

A sea mule - a strong outboard motor -

will drive a boatful of Maryknollers far up South American rivers, to take the word of God to those who cannot be reached by any other means. The gift of \$150 will pay for one motor and open the door of heaven to many souls now shut away.

Is there an idle tube in

your home? Or a base drum? Or an idle French horn, or flute or trumpet? We are asked to find band instruments for a group of South American youngsters. If you can contribute one, please send a postal advising us.

Temuco, Chile, has not a single church. Once it had many; but the earthquake knocked them all down, and the people are too poor to raise funds to rebuild. Father Joseph Cappel, who has gone there from Maryknoll, asks contributions to help. Any sum—\$1—\$5—will be welcome.

A motion-picture projector, with religious films, would do splendid work now for Bishop Escalante in Bolivia. It may be either a 35mm or a 16mm size, though the former would be preferred. The machine itself would be as welcome as the money to buy it, because projectors are scarce.

CHINA NEEDS

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\$5 for the support of a leper

\$5 for support of a blind child

\$5 for support of an orphan

\$5 for support of a refugee

\$5 for support of an old person

\$15 for support of a native seminarian

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\$15 for support of a native Sister

\$15 for support of a native priest

\$25 for medicine for a dispensary

\$50 for food for the mission rice lines

\$30 for maintenance of a Maryknoll missioner

We cable money regularly to Free China, for the support of Maryknoll missioners, their refugees, and their missions.

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Once upon a time, the country where these junior misses play at keeping store was well supplied with priests and churches. But with the shifting times, priests became scarce and the Faith suffered. Working with children such as these, the missioner will rebuild the lost churches and make the bright fire of faith glow anew. Would you care to help him? Please turn back to page 48.

